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ally sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1892.

[ONE PENNY.]



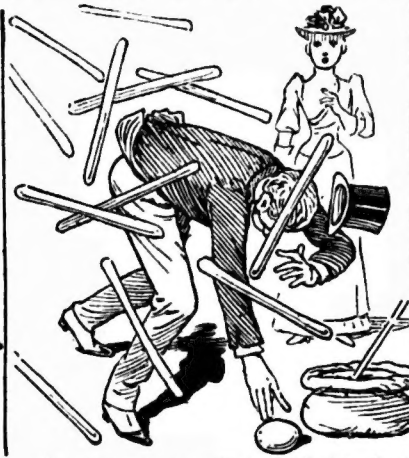
SLOPER THE TIPSTER.

"If there is one thing that Papa prides himself upon more than another, it is his knowledge of the thoroughbred racer, and he is as much at home on a racecourse as in a taproom, which is saying a good deal. At the Derby this year he posed as the World's Champion Tipster, and the way he raked in the mopuses, as he terms it, was delightful to behold; in fact, after the race, Papa was presented with a pair of lovely black eyes from his generous and grateful patrons, his tip having managed to finish absolutely last. Alexandry and Iky Mo, the latter of whom was at his usual Epsom game, escaped scot-free."—TOOTSIE.

WHIT MONDAY SPORT.



"Marie, dear, you know I never boast." "Yes, Harry, love." "Well, I'm going to knock off one of those cocoa-nuts or die in the attempt. Now, then, here goes; one, two, three—go. There you are, Marie—



"What did I say? One of the best of the lot. Come on! follow me! We'll have it before anyone else wallops it up." In spite of warning shouts, Harry rushes down the pitch and receives, in consequence, a shower of—



Sticks from would-be cocoa-nut winners. When Harry at length escapes, he comes to the conclusion that three sticks a penny is not the kindest and most economical of sports.

TWICE HANGED.

As a picture of life in Ireland ninety years ago, the story of John McNaughton, of Dublin, Esquire, the son of a merchant and grandson of a Dublin alderman, and who was himself hanged in 1761, ought to prove instructive.

He was well educated, and his uncle left him an estate worth £600. He married, took an elegant house in Dublin, and lived for a time in a very extravagant fashion, until one day "the sheriff, going in a chair to his house, found him in the parlour with his wife, and told him he was his prisoner."

The shock proved fatal to the lady, who was in a very delicate state of health, and we next hear of McNaughton falling in love with the daughter of Mr. Knox, in the county of Derry, which daughter was entitled to £5,000 when she came of age. Her father, however, forbade him the house. Shortly afterwards, McNaughton met Miss Knox at the residence of a mutual friend, and publicly declared that she was his wife. The father, on this, wrote him an angry letter, to which McNaughton replied by inserting an advertisement in the newspapers repeating the lie. Mr. Knox then brought an action against him in the Spiritual Court, which set aside the pretended marriage, and the Court of Delegates issued a warrant for McNaughton's arrest, "which irritated him to such a degree," he threatened the judge's life. After this he had to fly from Ireland.

But "the possession of Miss Knox's fortune" was, notwithstanding, the object of his wishes, and he returned to

Ireland disguised. Although it was known he was there, "no steps were taken by the family to preserve themselves from the danger threatening them."

And now comes a strange incident. Mr. Knox was riding in his coach, accompanied by his daughter, his daughter's maid-servant, a male friend and a footman. McNaughton and three other men approached suddenly and fired on Mr. Knox's friend, wounding him in his right arm. The ruffians then fired three shots into the carriage, and McNaughton fired a gun containing five bullets, all of which lodged in Miss Knox's body, and she died in three hours' time at a cottage close by. Mr. Knox fired at the murderer, as did also the footman who had, at the first alarm, hidden behind a stack of turf. Though wounded in the back, McNaughton rode away, but was apprehended and placed in gaol next day.

A reward of five hundred pounds led to the capture of all four men, and one with McNaughton was hanged. McNaughton's dress, on the day of execution, was singular, consisting of a night-cap, tied with a black ribbon, white stockings, black buckles, a flannel waistcoat, trimmed with black, and having black buttons and a crape band round his arm.

McNaughton, who was very weak from his wound and had to be assisted to the scaffold, desired the hangman to do his duty speedily; and the man pointing to the ladder, the other instantly ascended it, and no sooner was the rope about his neck than he jumped off with such violence that it broke.

He might have escaped if he had possessed strength enough and presence of mind, for the crowd, from an impulse of humanity, made a passage for him to pass through. However, he made no effort, and the executioner took him up the ladder again, and once more he jumped off and died almost immediately. His fellow sufferer "remained a miserable spectator of the scene, and was only hanged after McNaughton was cut down."

LATEST FROM THE ALEXANDRIES.

It's hard to be a boy were things gone on hat all the Ruineries oposit dogs 'Ome—sweet 'ome. biliam who is still underneath of the sophy he wisper I ave black 'is i with my boot. Anti Hig an' Mar are a-ving tee an' biliam want me to pars down sum brel an' butter to his plais off conjelement. if I do I shall go short. No feer I hav' kik him insted. Oh lor! he have give it me proper with a pinn in my legg.

(Not week, "The Old Dog.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

The language is strong, we admit, JACKANAPES. But it isn't so potent by far as the dose of "Unaccustomed" we gargled before we carelessly knocked off that par. It's not to be wondered at, ARTHUR BELLEW. That you failed to discover the source; Had you stated your wish in a letter, F. MANS, We'd have done it with pleasure, of course. You cannot expect us to answer you, DAN, When you write in the manner you do; We think none the less of a man, ARTHUR EASE. Because he's an orthodox Jew. It's only a species of gambling, LOU, And quite as illegal, we think; There isn't an instance on record, ITHWAITE, Of SLOPER refusing a drink. The name of the firm seems familiar, MISS CHURCH. But we cannot recall their address; You should send an apology instantly, GEORGE; You cannot, we fancy, do less.

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JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

Frenchman (proudly). Yes, gentlemen, I have fight thirty-seven duels, and am successful in zem all; nevere receive one scratch from my opponents.

Briton. Pardon, m'sieu, but I understood your friend here to say that your lameness was due to a bullet wound received during one of those encounters.

Frenchman. You are right, sare; but in zot one I did not fight—I was zee second.

THEY had been dancing, and in the comparative solitude of the conservatory, where they were cooling off, he snatched a kiss. "Sir!" exclaimed the lovely girl, with much virtuous indignation. "I am so sorry," cried the repentant youth. "Do forgive me! I'll never do it again! I promise you I won't!" "Indeed," said the beauty, still more offended; "one would imagine you didn't like it."

IN "second editions" of Echoes and Stars

We often see people immersed, But which of our readers, we'd much like to know, Has ever encountered "a first"?

"Oh—er—ah! haven't you anything—ah! more expensive?" inquired Mrs. Nouveau Riche. "I can afford to pay well, and I prefer the most expensive articles." "No, madam," responded the artless draper, "this is really the best procurable; but if you think it too cheap I can easily alter the price."

Young Sharpshins. What was the name of that notorious fellow—the first Anarchist on record?

Old Sharpshins. First Anarchist on record! Noah.

Young Sharpshins. What?

Old Sharpshins. Well, if he wasn't an arkist, what was he?

"DON'T you love the tender gloaming?" she asked him softly, as they sat together in the little back parlour, commanding a view of one of the most extensive back yards in all Bow. "I think it just too sweet to sit here in this peaceful solitude and watch the shadows deepen, the glorious daylight gradually give place to the sombre hues of night, and, later, the silver moon rise in all her—"

"It is, it is," interrupted he, who was brutally, hopelessly, materialistic; "and—and just look at the saving in gas!"



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.

No. 423.—The "Oaks" Costume.



THE PENALTY OF FAME. Or, how A. SLOPER is treated by the masses on Bank Holiday.



"Ow d're like this yere get hup, Maria? Fash'n'ble, ain't it?" "Oh, Chortley, yer looks like a Dook!"



'Arry (to amateur artist). Look here, mate, yer don't seem to be doin' much trade; now, if yer likes ter knock us off a couple o' decent portraits, I'll stand yer a bob and a drink.



"Hold her tight, Jack." "Oh, I'm holding her tight enough, but I can't stop her, that's the worst on it."



WHIT MONDAY. ALLY takes the waters at Southend-on-Sea.

WE hear some funny things in Fleet Street sometimes, and the following definition of the height of aggravation, by a gentleman in rather shaky boots, whom we encountered in a well known hostelry the other day, struck us as being particularly choice. "The height of aggravation, gentlemen," remarked this pithy humorist, setting his pewter on the counter and looking round proudly, with the air of one about to let off a good thing, "the height of aggravation—why, tryin' to ketch a flea out o' yer ear with a pair of boxin' gloves."

"DON'T 'e never give yer no tips?" inquired the new waiter of the old one, as the sour visaged diner left the tavern without bestowing any gratuity upon the knight of the napkin who had attended upon his wants. "Not 'e, the mean old hulk!" was the scornful response; "never give me a bloomin' ha'penny in his life! 'E did give me a tip once, but it was only for the Derby, and then it only rolled up fourth, and slap went ten bob o' my hard earned savings. Yes, sir. All right. Coming, sir, directly."

THEY were playing at tennis, but quarrelled, alas! And each other proceeded to jacket In language so hot that they both got expelled From the club for creating a racket.

Mrs. Clumberbump. I always thought Patti was a singer, didn't you, Mr. C?

Mrs. Clumberbump. Yes. Ain't she? Mrs. Clumberbump. No; in this here paper they call her the "diva," so I s'pose she's one of them swimming girls like Miss Beckwith.

THE way that man tries to bounce the universe is rally something too much. He actually varnished the latest orange county courier they served on him, stuck one of his wife's hairpins through it and wore it as a necktie.

Softy. Yes, yes, my beautiful! She loves me not, but I hang upon her very smile! Oh, she is a poem!

Jack Straight. Go on, you silly, she's only averse as far as you're concerned.

ARAMINTA, dearest, congratulate me. My hubby has given me the sack. "Darling Flo! you don't say so! I knew you were at loggerheads, but I had no idea things were so bad as that. Is it to be a separation by agreement or a judicial one—or a decree nisi?" "Stupid! I mean he has given me the sacque jacket I have been worrying him for."

Country Friend. Give us the straight tip, Tom. I'm going to that draper's in Oxford Street, to see the giv'nor on business; I s'pose I shall be right if I speak to the most dignified looking and best dressed man in the shop?

Townsmen. By Jove, no! That would be the shop walker.

"YOU are not availing yourself of the privilege of an old friend, Mr. Smith, by helping yourself to wine," said that gentleman's hostess. "Indeed, I am, my dear madam, by not helping myself," replied Smith, who knew what wine it was.

Mr. Nincompoop. I s'pose you'll take the 'bus into the City, won't you?

Mrs. N. No, indeed, Mr. N. I was a-readin' only yesterday as how there's another company has started a-runnin' their buses against the—the other company's 'buses; and if I happened to be in one when there was a collision, I'm sure I should have a historical attack, which would bring me to an untiring end.

THEY may be foolish folks who wear Their ears upon their sleeve, But no one can contend that their Intent is to deceive; The man who makes the mildest swear, And the judicious griever, Is he the ace of hearts who'd bear, Not on, but up his sleeve.

"WONDERFUL the changes that come over a man's life, isn't it?" remarked Captain Hawkesley, reflectively, as he gathered up his winnings at the club the other night and watched his latest victim depart sadly in quest of his topcoat. "How well I recall the time spent in the old country home, when I was an innocent lad and kept pigeons. And now, now," he added, grimly, "they have to keep me."

Town Cousin. Well, how do you like London?

Country Cousin. Oh, pretty well; but ain't it awful dirty up here? Why, you can't wear a collar more nor a week when it ain't fit to be seen.

LORD BEACONSFIELD said of the critics they were men who had failed in literature and art. In our time they seem to be the men who have not succeeded in the shop and the counting house.

Dorothy. Do you like "Hymns Ancient and Modern"? Cinder-ElLEN. No, I can't say I do. I prefer the middle aged ones.

NEVER is the adage, "Circumstances alter cases," better exemplified than in the different effect produced by a shower of rain upon the same people when going to church and when about to visit the theatre.

Young Hopeful. I say, McGooseley, don't you think you could leave off drinking?

McGooseley. Don't know, I'm sure; I never tried.

THEY were exchanging confidences over the conditions of their respective husbands on their return from Lodge the other night. "I heard him come in and shut the door," observed the first one, "and then followed a lot of shuffling about and bad language, and then I heard him 'Blank the something keyhole, I'm bothered if I can find it.' So I went down with a light, and there he was, trying to open the door from the inside." "Oh," remarked the other, "mine slept on the mat, as usual."

"I WORSHIP the ground that you tread on," he said; Said she, "I felt sure that you did; It's my own, and the income derived from that source Is close upon three thousand quid."

"IT'S dear Algy's birthday next Saturday, dear—the first he's had since we became engaged. I want to make him a little present—something useful and—er—appropriate. What would you advise, dear?" "Appropriate, dear!" said Edie (pouncers for a few moments). "Ah, I have it. What do you say to a box of 'J' nibs?" But it was not until Gerty's horsey brother a few days later happened to refer to someone as a jay that she understood Edie's speech, and once again two really dear girls think each other "horrid."

"SIR," wrote a much enduring firm of tradesmen to our old acquaintance, Pebblebeach, not long ago, "we shall be obliged if you would kindly settle this long standing account, otherwise we shall be compelled to proceed to extraneousities." "You will—of the earth," was the answer they received by post a few days later. "For years I have suffered from chronic impecuniosity—a disease which has of late made such progress, that a change of climate became absolutely necessary, and ere this reaches you, yours faithfully will be well upon his voyage to Australia."

TOOTSIE-TA-RA, BOOM-DE-AY.

"Just," says the *Daily Telegraph* young man, "as there is a difference between the movements of a Nautch girl and a Salvation Army lass, so there is a vast difference between the attack of Miss Lottie Collins and her endless imitators."



Flo Bilton.

This is possibly going too far; but, if the *D. T.* young man is not thorough, he is nothing. I have seen one or two very good boom-de-ay girls, and notably, one Esther Stanton, who is to be seen at the Elephant and Castle Theatre this week. Just go and see if I am not right. And I know for a fact that Esther has never seen or heard Lottie.

But Lottie is awfully good, mind you, and has made an uncommonly fine thing out of that harmonious kick up, as she deserves to do.

In the good old times, we read of many songs that have been wonderfully popular, such, say, as "Home, Sweet Home," or "Wapping Old Stairs"; but there appears to be no record of fortunes made by either composers or singers. Good old, good old times!

I have, during the brief period that I have ventured upon the profession of criticism (for I am only eighteen, you know), several times pointed out that the music hall was coming to the front and the theatre dropping to the rear. My remarks were good humouredly smiled down on by the higher lights of the profession and by the high toned critical division, and now, distinguished lights are deserting the Temples of Thespia for the once so called vulgar halls. Kate Santley returns to us to record the fact that the bell still "goes a-ringing for Sairy." Kate James makes one. The majestic Alma all another. Fannie Leslie shows that she has forgotten nothing of the days that are gone when she knocked them down Edgware Road way. Herbert Campbell and Dan Leno temporarily desert Sir Augustus. The talent generally crowd in to the opposition shops, and joy prevaleth.

I would not for one moment wish any harm to come to the theatre proper, but I am in favour of free trade. I should like to see more and better sketches at the halls and bricker business at some of the theatres. I can't help thinking that for some few years past the profession has been emulating—the attitude of the froz that wanted the bull and prematurely burst.

That poor, dear old Dock Snook, who belongs to several theatrical clubs and clublets, tells me that they grow more and more swag-gery and duller and duller. He says that the old boys who established the earliest of these once joyous resorts, have put away money, grown respectable, married and settled down and otherwise spoilt themselves, and that the new school, whatever else they may be, are not gay companions as a rule.

Of the present music halls, none occupies a better position, geographically and otherwise, than the Pavilion. It is seen to from the front by the majestic Teddy, and the stage arrangements manifest the most judicious care.

There is always a good bill here—and a long bill, too; but, unlike some hotel and other bills, the settlement is not by any means disagreeable. In fact, you pay, as you come in, just as much or as little as you can afford, and settle down and enjoy yourself.

You can hardly help doing that. Here is Lottie, not only with the immortal "Boom-de-ay," but several other favourites. Here is Harry Pleon with some delightful fooling with a hat and umbrella, representing a pond and a tree, and a capital song describing the adventures of Dick Turpin and his precious steed, Bonny Black Bess. Here is Harry Randall, a genuine comedian, with a new budget of songs, and the Brothers Griffiths, that you can't possibly help laughing at. Also the attractive Millie Hylton, who looks as well as she sings. Also the many voiced Cole, and Sam Redfern and Costello. Little Tich, the Mammoth Mirth Maker, is here, too, and Charles Ross, whose style is easy and pleasing.

Flo Bilton I must not pass over, or Florence Levey, most charming of skirt twirlers, but I do wish that Ada Lundberg would be more careful in her choice of songs. The two she sang when I heard her were most shockingly vulgar. The Leon Troupe of Acrobats deserve a good word, and so do Revene and Athas. One of the principal hits of the evening is made by David Devant with his shadowgraph business. The manner in which he caricatures Poor Pa is immense, whatever my revered parent may say to the contrary. And there are other good people, too; so you who know better than to go to a music hall put aside all prejudice just for once and sample the Pavilion. If you take my advice, you will not regret having done so.

By-the-by, I had almost forgotten to tell you that the Whitsuntide programme will be a record one. Nearly all the stars at present in London are engaged.



Millie Hylton.

"D'YE KNOW IT?"

It's a wondrous creature, you'll readily own,
And ought to be sent to the Zoo;
Its cage would attract quite a curious crowd
If only they'd place it on view.

It possesses a craving for spirits and beer—
Is awfully partial to tea;
You may carefully lock these commodities up,
But it's bound to discover the key.

An animal smokes! You say that's absurd;
But this marvellous creature's unique;
And, if you rejoice in a box of cigars,
'Twill smoke quite a dozen a week.

You fancy, perhaps, there's a spice of romance
In such an assertion as that;
But you'll see that there's not, when I say that they call
The creature the Lodging House Cat.

THE NAUGHTY-BIOGRAPHY OF ALLY SLOPER.

(Written by himself, with passing observations and footnotes by his friends and relations.)

CHAPTER IX.

I AM A SPORTSMAN.

SPORT is a great thing. I have sported a good deal in my time. (Why don't you sport a new gamp, then, you old Ananias!—MCG.)

In my time I have shot a good deal.

(The moon included.—ED.)

I remember distinctly the first time I went out shooting. It was with what was then known as a flint-lock horse pistol. I had procured the deadly weapon at a small rag-shop where my dear mother was in the habit of disposing of old raiment, bottles and the skin of the toothsome rabbit.

I paid 2s. 9d. for the pistol, and first tried it in the back garden. The explosion gave such a shock to an old lady dwelling next door, who was looking out of window, that it shook the false teeth out of her mouth, which fell on that cat who was sleeping in the area, nearly causing its death.

For this offence, my dear father gave me a severe castigation with the kitchen dust-shovel. It was painful. There were holes in the implement.

Finding firearms not to my taste, I set up as an angler.

(The Ancient does a bit in the angling way even now. You should just see him, when he's had a few extra, sitting on the bank down Richmond way. He was so bad last year, that he actually took his boots off and chucked 'em in the river, 'cos he thought they were ground bait.—MCN.)

Many's the time at early dawn I have started off to Hampstead Heath to angle for the stickle-bat, tickle-back or common tiddler. Inclosed in the frugal gallipot, I have before now kept efts or water newts. These creatures, though, had a way of wandering about and getting on the kitchen table. On one occasion, my father, catching sight of a pair of them gawgorting with a tame hedgehog, a pet of mine, too, was heard to shriek out, "They're coming on again!" Poor man! he mistook the harmless creatures for the ordinary but pleasant jim-jams of commerce.

(The father of the Old Cadoodle died fairly juvenile. His death was accelerated by his nerves being upset—a serious quarrel between the man in possession and the potboy, who insisted on ready payment. His last words were, "Not a drop more, thank you." Peace be to the memory of old Mr. Sloper. His heart was ever good—but shebet did for him at last.—SUB-ED.-ASSISTANT.)

At Hampstead, also, when blessed with a few coppers, I indulged in horse exercise on the harmless Jerusalem quadruped. I was always told that I had an excellent one. Still, a short trotting animal, when you have been lurching off ginger beer and Bath buns, finishing up with the savory winkle, is not altogether what may be always desired. But sport was always sport to me. I shall never forget those happy rides.

(He tried a moke gallop only the other day, but as the Old Lunatic would keep that blessed bottle of his in his pocket, he didn't feel quite as happy as he might have done. The black, broken glass had to be pulled off with pincers.—MCG.)

I am still fond of sport, and still do sport.

(About all the sporting he ever gets is when he's chasing the next door neighbour's cat round the yard with a clothes prop, and then he's generally so bad that he misses it and knocks a brick or two out of the wall.—MCG. once more!)

(To be continued next week.)

"THE FISHERS OF FAIR-HAVEN."

THE fishers of Fair-Haven

They sail'd away to sea,

Amid the misty dawning,

Upon the wavelets free:

They left the peaceful harbour

To toil the livelong day,

And ere the first pale sunbeam

The fishers sail'd away.

The wives at sweet Fair-Haven

Who watch upon the shore,

They dream of golden sundown

When turns the tide once more:

When all the boats sail homeward

And loving hearts shall meet,

When fall the shadows softly

Amid the gloaming sweet.

But, ah! when dawning sundown

Yet lingers o'er the land,

The wives are weeping sadly

Far off upon the strand;

While storm clouds gather darkly

And wild winds sweep the lea,

They watch and pray for mercy

On those they love at sea.

The fishers of Fair-Haven

Shall never come again,

The boats that sail'd with dawning

Across the shadow'd main

Have pass'd away in silence

Where surges swell no more,

And loyal hearts rest sadly

Upon the tideless shore.

INTERROGATING IRELAND.

THERE had been a Saturday night row in a Drury Lane lodging-house, and, as it not infrequently happens, pocket-knives had been called into use pretty freely. By the time the burly bobbies of the E Division forced an entrance, one noted criminal had got his quietus from a few inches of steel, and the fun had stopped. The ragged, unshaven man standing nearest the fallen bully was the one first constable laid hands on, with—

"Your name's Michael Murphy."

"Ye're roight, sargint."

"You were in this row?"

"Ye never knew me lose a chance for fun, did ye?"

"Did you see Callahan stab this man?"

"O' did."

"Was it early in the row?"

"Dinnis niver waits for interductions in a case uv emergency."

"Did he appear agitated?"

"N' more than you'd be at the sight of a glass o' ph'hisky."

"And was he?" (pointing to the fallen man), "was he cool?"

"Cooler 'n Sunday's roast shoulder on Friday. He was stiff!"

"Right 'bout face! Come along."

HER FIRST LOVE.

THIS is a tale of the love of a child for a child. I mention this at starting, in order that superior intellects may not be deluded into wasting their distinguished consideration upon it.

They met; 'twas in a crowd, at a children's party. She was the belle. Her starched muslin frock, with its pink sash, filled the boys with admiration; the girls with envy, hatred and malice. Children who are not grown up have certain points in common with those of a larger growth.



Her heart was won.

Whether it was his velvet knickerbocker suit, or the way his mother had brushed his shiny fair hair, that won her heart, this department knoweth not, but it is sufficient that her heart was won.

They mingled in the polka's giddy whirl. It seemed like paradise. They played at forfeits, by the Median and Persian laws of which she was condemned—to kiss him! "Seemed," madam! Nay, it was, she knew not "seemed." She began to understand what people meant when they spoke of "capital punishment."

He said to her, "I do like you!" That night, when putting her doll to bed (it was a duck of a doll for all her cruel brother had, remorseless as Rufus towards Robert of Normandy, plucked out its eyes) she hugged it to her heart and crooned to it—

"Dolly, darling, don't be jealous. I won't love you one tiny bit less. But, oh! I love him best in all the world!"

When next they met, she and her sisters were out walking with her governess. On the other side of the way came trooping along the grammar school boys, he amongst them. What a thoughtful shade his mortar-board threw over his pink and white chubby face. She was certain he was as clever as handsome.

And he was in the choir. One Sunday evening she obtained permission to go to church with a little girl friend who worshipped where he sang—a bosom friend, to whom, alas! she had imparted the secret of her love. From that girl friend's pew she saw him, seated in the front row of the choir, his face looking fairer and pinker still against his snow white surplice. Really, she quite enjoyed being in church.

There was an anthem. She tried to catch his voice, but those big, black bearded men made such a noise with their horrid growling bass and baritone. But suddenly all the voices ceased, the organ wailed plaintively; and then—then, in the hush of the thronged church, one sweet boy voice soared forth alone, floating high up to the grimed roof of the nave, mingling and fused with the organ's plaint, so that at times it was hard to tell where the music made by man and that made by God began and ended.

Had she read Shakespeare, she might have said, "Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings!" As it was, she only thought it. Down the violet dusk of the dim aisle the silver bell voice floated like a winged seraph bearing on his pinions the souls of those who listened; then at last, saint-like, it died away in holy calm.

She was back on earth. Her bosom friend, who had a brother in the choir, had promised to take to him a message that she would wait at the church gate for him to see her home.

In the summer twilight she lingered; saw the last of the worshippers stream out of the quiet churchyard; heard them saying that the boy who sang had taken them nearer to heaven than the parson had been able to; then she stood there under the yew-tree shade alone. At last the choristers trooped out of the chancel door; then, last of all, he came, holding the arm of her bosom friend.

And her bosom friend said, with a smile of triumph, "He is going to walk home with me to-night, and he has asked me to be his sweetheart."

She did not die, as she thought she must—lived to grow up beautiful and good, to be sought after by worthy men and to become a happy wife and mother. Life brought her joy and tears. But did it bring her any gift more radiant than her love for him, or any tears more scalding than those she shed that night as she told her dolly all?



Holding her arm.



Home grown tea will, no doubt, become the fashion.
"Beautiful flavour this tea, Jones; lovely, fragrant!
Give it myself in the back garden."



A HAIR OF THE DOG.
Benighted Old Gent (who lives hard by). I'm afraid you're not well, my good woman - let me fetch you a drop of brandy.
Poor Soul. Make it gin, kind sir, make it gin.



CHEAP FARES
RETURN 2/6
SEA- 8/6
LOND-
RA-
WAY
HOLIDAY-
W. 11
WHITSUNTIDE

She Where are we going? He. Southend, my dear. She. Why, we've been there more than twenty times; in fact, we never go anywhere else. He. Quite right, my dear; quite right. You see, I've got a few shares in the company.



"Just had some whisky sent me, dear; don't think much of it. Why, a bottle and a half would settle me for the evening."
Extract from Letter of Young Lady.

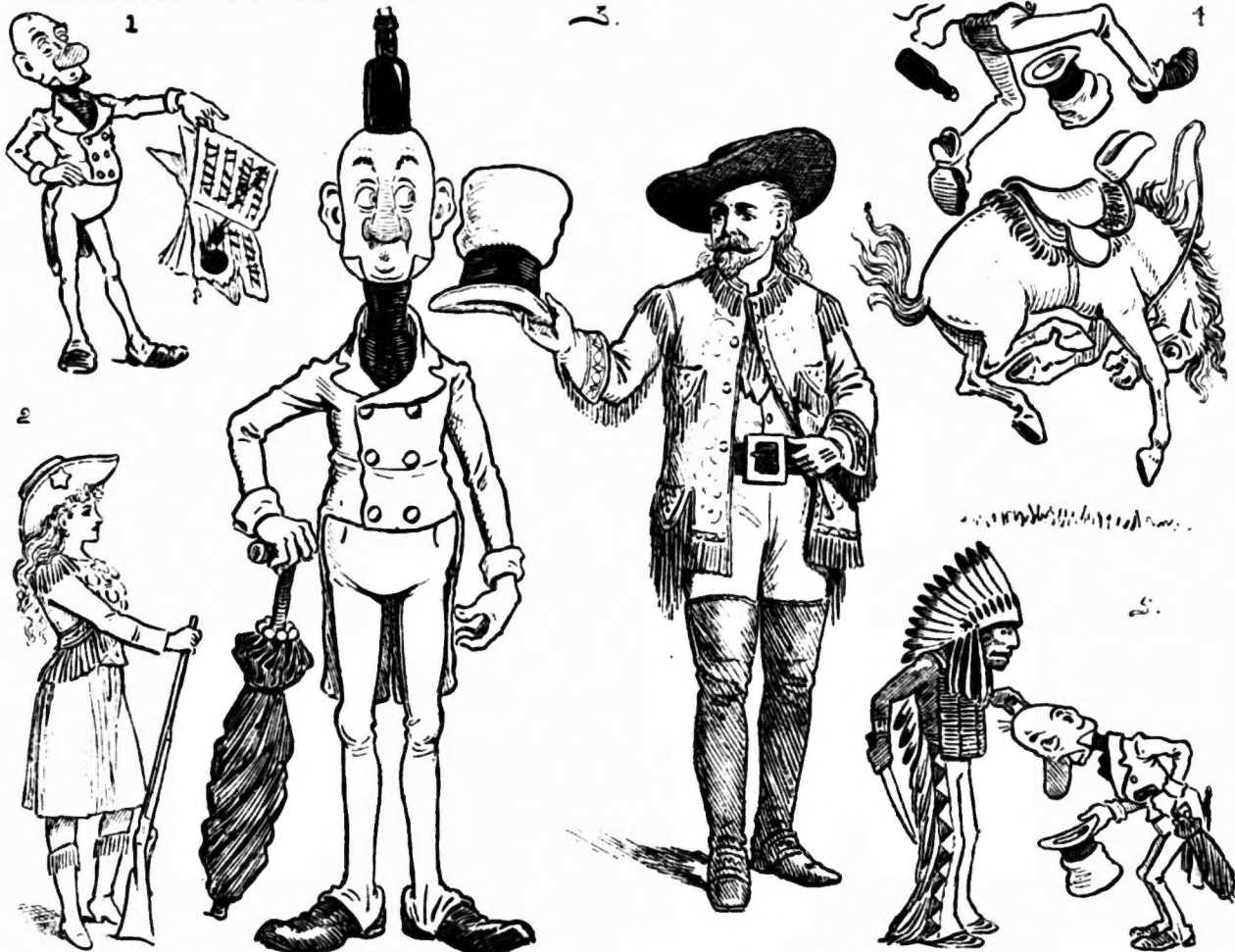
* Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 237.—MISS NELLIE WALTERS.
"She knows that she has won my heart, yet she withholds her love."
"I worship her with blind, with mad devotion."
"Her pictures—there, what need to praise her beauty?"
The Hon. Billy.

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—COLONEL W. F. CODY.



"Say, come any morning before the show begins," Buffalo Bill had said, "and you shall try any of my buck-jumpers you like." A. SLOPER said he would with pleasure, and chooses an early date. (1). Before starting he had looked long and earnestly at Jubilee's copy-book. "Shall I?" he murmured. "The like in childhood's hours stood me in good stead to ward off the straight strokes of the master hand. No!" cried he, throwing it from him, "it shall never be said that the Friend of Man resorted to artifice."—(2). A. SLOPER'S visit to the Wild West began pleasantly enough with converse with Miss Annie Oakley. "Say, guess you're anxious to begin with the buck-jumpers?" said Colonel Cody. A. SLOPER declared he was burning to commence. "Then come along," cried the gallant colonel. "Certainly," said A. SLOPER, "but, one moment—can I offer you a drink? Try this!" Bear in mind A. SLOPER had no desire to put off the invigorating exercise, but was only actuated by pure bonhomie.—(3). "Guess," said Colonel Cody, placing the bottle on A. SLOPER'S head, "Miss Oakley will smash this at five hundred yards,

right away. Stand firm, or it may be fatal." The Mouldy One was very sorry, but he couldn't spare that bottle, which was an heirloom. "What ho, there!" cried Colonel Cody, "bring out No. 1 buck-jumper!" It was then that the Wreck thought of an amusing anecdote that Colonel Cody might like to hear; it was rather a long-winded anecdote—took about an hour and three-quarters to relate; still, no doubt Buffalo Bill would be pleased to hear it. Before he had got as far as "Once upon a time," however, he was hoisted on to the animal's back. The next moment—(4). But, no! the pen is much too feeble an implement to describe the next moment—let it pass.—(5). Before leaving, a friendly Indian (Squatting Cow, A. SLOPER believes the gentleman's name was) wanted to scalp him, with a desire, no doubt, to possess a lock of hair as a memento; and it was only when the brave found it was a moral impossibility to perform the operation (counting as beneath notice the three hairs) that he reluctantly put up his scalping knife, and retired into the sanctity of his wigwag, quite convinced that A. SLOPER'S scalp, and he himself, was a fraud.

THE LAIRD TRIES TO DECEIVE.

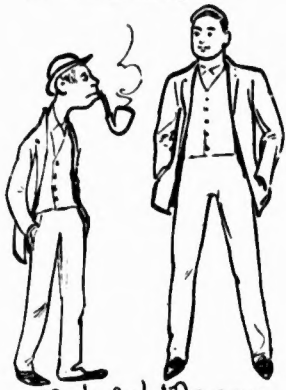


(1). The Laird was being turned away for setting the Elder on fire, when—

(2). A shot was fired, and McParritch roared, "He's only 'making believe,' 'cos I only fired blank kertridge."



A Fire-eater.



Baleful Bacca



Her Majesty's Uniform.



BANK HOLIDAY



Liberary Ladies.



G.M.M.M.



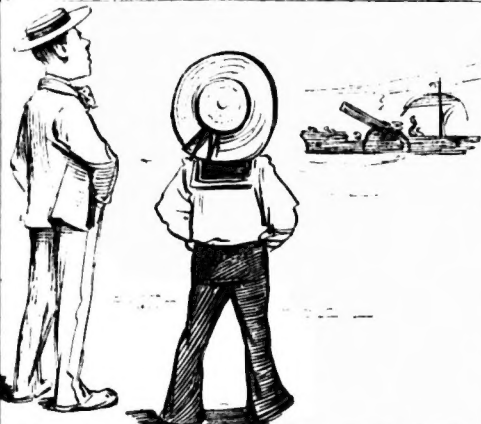
Piano & I.

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Here I am again, you see, ladies and gentlemen, with an entirely original show. This weekly change of programme costs time, money and trouble; but while it remains the envy of the opposition showmen and the delight of my numerous patrons, I shall always keep my performance bright and up to date. But let us away:—The Frenchman's tale astonished folks, But now it proves to be a bore:—Tis said that smoking impedes both Development and proper growth:—Few publicans

will now refuse To Tommy Atkins serve with booze:—Whit Monday brings them keen delights—High jinks on Hampstead's breezy heights:—This novel function once again The month of June brings in its train:—The Prince of Wales they re-install As Master of the Masons' Hall:—The festive George is back once more, But soon will quit old England's shore. Another Bank Holiday! Happy 'Arry! thrice happy 'Arriet! Ta-ta.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

WHEN WOMEN MEET.



"Say, Billy, why do the steamboats always put their funnels down when they come to a bridge?" "Why, that's done to prevent 'em knocking the bridge down."



DOLLY AND DAISY.
'Tis years since last they met, and they are both as sweet and dainty, and pretty and young as ever. They congratulate each other.



How an ugly girl looks at a pretty one when they pass one another in the street.



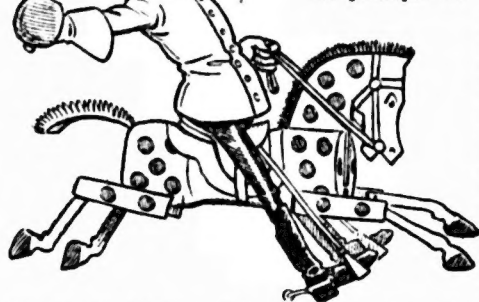
SUMMER.
Airy, Fairy, Mairy.



A QUEERIST.
Mounted Queerist. Say, Loug, old man, hasn't your machine got ball bearings? Dismounted Man. Well, the place where I stable at present has got the Ball Bearings hung up outside, doncherne!

ALLY-CAMPANE.

TRIEFLY through A. SLOPER's patronage, and in a lesser degree owing to its own sterling merit, the Military Tournament has this year met with unprecedented support from the British public. Thousands thronged the Agricultural Hall daily, and the financial results must be very satisfactory to those who had laboured hard for the success of the Tournament. Several novelties were introduced in the show this year, the principal one of which was depicted on our front page a week or two back. Another of the Eminent's successful introductions was an "Unsweetened" Competition, prizes being given to those who could shift the most



"Unsweetened" in a given time, competitors to be afterwards examined by a doctor to see that they still retained their normal senses. A. SLOPER having himself participated in the competition, it was of course unnecessary to look further for the winner. Altogether, the Military Tournament for 1892 will be long remembered by all concerned.

THE following is a copy of the receipt signed by Mrs. Joseph Whatley, of 49 Poplar Walk Road, Loughborough Junction, London, S.E., to whom we paid £150 in settlement of a claim against "ALLY SLOPER'S Railway Insurance," as announced in last week's "HALF-HOLIDAY":—"May 28th, 1892.—Received from ALLY SLOPER the sum of One Hundred and Fifty Pounds, on the death of my husband, Joseph Whatley, in accordance with the terms of 'ALLY SLOPER'S Free Life Insurance.' (Signed) SARAH JANE WHATLEY."

THE brag and bluster of M. Roulez, the soi-disant duellist, is without a parallel since the days of Sir John Falstaff and his seven men in buckram, and reminds SLOPER very forcibly of the burden of the old song—

"Gannon and spinach,
Heigho! says Antony Roulez."

EVERYONE, more especially, perhaps, our impressionable lady readers, will be interested to learn that that phenomenal tenor, the fascinating Chevalier Scovel, is once more in London, having entirely recovered from the severe illness which prevented him from attending Palermo by his rendering of *Lohengrin*. But the Chevalier has studied hard during his brief absence, consequently he is in fine fettle, and the public may confidently look forward with delight to hearing this great artiste again before many weeks have fled.

THE Mildewed Dead Head, after witnessing the performance of *Niobe* for the twenty-first time, has been graciously pleased to confer the "Award of Merit" upon BEATRICE LAMB, because she's a handsome and talented actress. "Feyther," remarked the Blue Orbed Dramatic Critic, as he sprawled gracefully upon one of the richly upholstered lounges in the refreshment room, "Beatrice 'as come right to the front with one bound, ain't she? As I 'ave always publicly contended, hit's hoppertunity as—" but at this moment the barmaid interrupted, rather forcibly, that she was about to shut up for the night; and yet another Alexandrian epigram remained incomplete.

A MOST excellent trotting meeting was held at Alexandra Park on the Monday of last week, and more exciting sport has rarely been witnessed on this course, nearly all the races resulting in close finishes. The only drawback at the meeting in question was the presence of the welshing fraternity in the principal ring. The victims were not numerous, 'tis true, but as A. SLOPER himself was among the number, it is more in sorrow than in anger that he expostulates. Welshing is, perhaps, the meanest mode of stealing conceivably, and we can only hope that the genial secretary, Mr. F. Cathcart, will use every effort to remove this pest from the midst of an otherwise respectable community.

THE enthusiastic reception accorded Mr. Charles Brookfield's *Poets and Puppets* is as deserved as it is welcome, and it has rarely been our lot to witness a more clever travesty. The piece bristles with witty lines, and most of the weak points of *Lady Windermere* 'as hit off splendidly. Of course, a visit to the St. James' Theatre is necessary in the first instance, and by those only who do this will the burlesque be thoroughly appreciated. C. H. Hawtrej, as the Poet, is excellent, and his treatment of the character could not possibly be excelled. Shut our ears and we see Oscar Wilde tot a life. Open our ears and shut our eyes and we hear Hawtrej at his best. Lottie Venn also does well, and she is equally as good in burlesque as in comedy. As for the Author himself, the real difficulty is to find out who he does not caricature; at any rate, his performance is excellent.



ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

If the present bright weather which, at the time of writing, is gladdening the heart of the itinerant ice cream man and engender-

ing everywhere a craving for cooling drinks, only lasts until the advent of Whitsuntide, the majority of the easily reached seaside resorts will receive an influx of visitors, who will perform the very necessary process of awakening the local tradesmen, hotel and lodging house keepers from their winter stupor into that activity which they always display during the summer months, to the advantage of their own pockets and the detriment of those of their victims. Bewitchingly clad lovelinesses, always well represented at the seaside, and A. SLOPER is looking anxiously forward to the time when he can again take to the war path.

"M. CARNOT's visit to Nancy!" remarked Mrs. Sloper, looking up from her *Daily News* with a horrified expression on her classical features. "Wot howdashness, to be sure! and with Mrs. Karnot sich a perfect lady and all. I'd sez 'is Nancy for 'im, that I would, the brazen wench, if I was 'er! These ere Frenchin is too dreadful for anything!" And it took quite half an hour to convince the good soul that it was only the town of Nancy that the President of the French Republic intended to visit.

THE Mildewed and Alexandry took part in yet another parade in aid of the funds of St. Mary's Hospital, this time organized by the Kilburn and United District Temperance Societies. It was the Sixth Annual Demonstration and SLOPER *pere et fils* incline to the opinion that as an opportunity for the effective disposal of antiquated eggs, it was absolutely unrivalled.

FOR some time past the question of scientific washing has been agitating the columns of many of our contemporaries. The

difficulty of how to thoroughly cleanse clothes economically, and with as little labour and rubbing as possible, is not a new one, but if all Mrs. Sloper says of the advantages of a preparation called the Titan Soap be true, and there is no reason to believe otherwise, that difficulty is now effectually solved. SLOPER has long yearned to identify himself with a soap—it's all the fashion nowadays, we assure you. Has not a Langtry remarked of a much advertised toilet preparation that "since using it she has discarded all others"? Has not a Weldon declared that to its use she owes the fact that "though fifty to-day, her complexion is still seventeen"? And a Marie Roze declared it to be "matchless for the hands and complexion"? Shall A. SLOPER, then, miss such an opportunity of publicly advertising himself? Perish the thought! He hereby declares the Titan to be "an ideal washing soap," and looks confidently forward to seeing this opinion scrawled above his well known autograph, à la Lillie Langtry, on the back page of all the best class periodicals.

MRS. SLOPER having expressed a longing to behold a real live Mahatma, the Eminent has commissioned his old friend, the MacOscar (not the O'Wilde of that ilk), to procure him one alive, dead, or bottled—the latter for choice. The wilds of Thibet are now being scoured and thoroughly cleansed for that purpose by an efficient party of explorers, commanded by The MacOscar.

To all who are harassed with business cares, and desire to make the best of the Whitsuntide Holidays, we would commend the arrangements made by the General Steam Navigation Company, who will run cheap excursions to all the East Coast watering places, in addition to special fast boats to and from the interesting cities of Antwerp, Hamburg and Amsterdam.

THE new ballet, *Versailles*, now being produced at the Empire Theatre, although on altogether different lines to *By the Sea*, is, nevertheless, quite equal to it in merit. The scene is laid in the Royal Palace at Versailles, and we are here treated to revelry and music, delightful alike both to the ears and the eyes. The dresses are charming, and the eye of an artist can at once detect the delicacy and subtleness with which the colours are blended. Loveliness in every grade and every degree is here represented, and if the Court of the real King of France included such delightful representatives of the fair sex, we can only say he was a lucky man. Malvina Cavalazzi, Bettina de Sortis and Vincenti are all excellent, and as for Leopold Wenzel's music—well, it is always good, if not as tuneful as some he has previously composed.

THE magnificent grounds attached to the South Peckham Liberal Club were gay with illuminations on the night of Saturday, May 21st, when the Midnight Reveller and Family attended the grand entertainment which had been organized by Mr. H. Hyde for the benefit of a Mr. Edward Shorey, who, by a serious accident, has been recently incapacitated from work. The Club brass band performed selections during the evening, and a concert of exceptional excellence was contributed to by many well known and popular performers.

A CRUSADE against long-trained dresses has been commenced by the Supreme Sanitary Board of Hungary. All sensible women should wish the movement every success. The dust of public thoroughfares may be infected with disease germs, and it is quite possible to convey these by means of trailing dresses into houses, there to develop into illness and death.



A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 11TH, 1892.

5th June, 1888.—There was an unusually large attendance of members throughout the sitting of the House of Commons, the day, when a subject of a very delicate character, "State regulation of Vice," was under discussion. Ladies presenting themselves for admission to the seats behind the "grille" were, by direction of the Speaker, advised of the exceptional nature of the business to be brought forward, but, with one or two exceptions, they refused to remain, about twenty being present throughout the discussion. They caused some sensation at the close of Mr. McLaren's speech, a loud clapping of hands, in violation of the rule which forbids demonstrations by strangers. The Speaker rebuked the irregularity by stern cries of "Order, order," and the Leader of the House pointed to the Ladies' Gallery to indicate to the right hon. gentleman the quarter from which the disorder proceeded.

6th June, 1877.—Nine excursionists were this day killed by the fall of a bridge at Bath.

7th June, 1879.—The rector of Puddlehinton, Dorset, was this day fined for selling milk without being registered as a milkman.

8th June, 1831.—Mrs. Siddons, an actress of unequalled powers, died this day in London. Someone once remarked to that applause was necessary to actors, and gave them confidence. "More," replied the actress, "it gives us breath."

9th June, 1681.—Sir William Lilly, the astrologer, died this day, at Horsnam. A person once, who wanted to consult Lilly on some important point, came to his house one morning early; the astrologer himself opened the door, and seeing somebody had thrown some dirt there, said he wished he did but know who had treated him in that manner, that he might punish them accordingly; which his customer observing, when the astrologer demanded his business, "Nothing at all," replied he, "for I am sure, if you can't find that out, it is impossible you should discover anything relative to me," and so left him.

10th June, 1354.—The title of Lord Mayor of London was granted this day by Edward III., with the style of right hon. noble.

11th June, 63.—St. Barnabas, after a life spent in preaching the gospel, suffered many torments, and finally died of starvation this day.

THE GIFT OF GIFTS.

DURING the removal of 35,287 empty "Unsweetened" bottles from a lumber room in Court Mildew, a paper, bearing the following lines, was picked up from the floor. The touching Lament seems to have been written by SLOPER on a certain historical occasion of which the reader will wot.

THE gifts my wife has given to me

Since she and I were mated,

I have not to fill my heart with gloom

Been wholly calculated.

In fact, the presents of my bride

Have all been of a kind

Which, if I'd dared to do so, I'd

Have just as lief declined.

My wife, each day, has given me sneers

And snacks, which tried my patience;

My wife, each night, has given me jeers

And candle-light orations.

My wife has given me menial jobs

To do, and when a week

Appeal I've made with tears and sobs,

My wife has given me check!

My wife has given me sundry hits

And punches in her madness;

My wife has given me "beans" and "fits"—

Has given me grief and sadness.

But, oh! the gift which now she's given

The biscuit fairly wins:

I'm off my dot entirely driven—

My wife has given me TWINS!

THE SOUL OF HONOUR.

KING MILAN may send his seconds to call upon gentlemen who affront him across a baccarat table, or peppery French cavalry captains call one another out to a pistol meeting in the cold grey dawn of morning; but if you want pure, unadulterated Honour, with a big H, and the boys to stick to it, you must come to Shoe Lane.

Two youths stood by the wheel of a *Standard* cart, in the Lane of Shoe, yesterday, and one said to the other—

"Now, 'Arry, where's that there knife?"

"I tell yer I ain't got yer knife."

"On yer bloomin' word?"

"On my bloomin' word."

"S'welp yer never?"

"S'welp me never."

"You ain't got it?"

"I ain't got it."

But incredulity still possessed the soul of George. He looked his companion straight in the eye, and was fast giving up the quest in despair, when a happy thought flashed across his think-tank, and he returned to the attack with—

"On yer honour?"

"Well, I'm blowed!" gasped the other, giving in; "here, take yer bally old knife!" And, drawing it from his trousers pocket, he flung it on the asphalt.

"I knew he was a 'ouerable bloke, after all!" remarked George, as, turning on his heel, he strolled up Inkcan Alley in the direction of Fetter Lane and freedom.

A MAIDEN'S SWEET REVENGE.

IN a moment of *pique* once, and with all the vinegar bitterness of the acrid novice getting experience, Lord Byron (who was a poet most of his time, but gained some celebrity and a bet for long distance swimming) wrote, "Revenge is sweet, especially to women," and A. SLOPER desires to put the fact on record that he is quite in unison of thought with the Lyrical-Beckwith, and quotes the following in support of his conviction:—

"Doris Gladys Chariotbuzzer's hair was bright red. It was not her fault; and the smart young chemist at the shop just round the corner told her that one bottle of his master's invincible 'Hey presto Hair Cocktail' would do all that was required. So she bought a bottle one Saturday, and by Sunday evening her 'glory' had turned, not to 'old gold,' but to a bright pea-puce. It may have been a joke on the part of the merry young chemist, but it was a matter of some importance to Doris Gladys, and her anxiety turned to disappointment when she discovered that it obstinately refused to change. It was then that thoughts of sweet revenge entered into her rainbow head. What did Doris Gladys do? Did she fly into that chemist's shop and put half a score of scarlet-runners down his cheeks? No. Did she drench him from head to foot in his own vitriol? Not a bit of it. She just went round, looking sweeter than syrup, and sat down by the counter and mashed him all the afternoon. She mashed him till he felt that life would be a dreary blank without her. Then she mashed him into taking her to Inure Kiralfy's Show; and just as their gondola was passing 'neath the Ponto di Sotto Sapiolo, she adroitly managed to shove him into the *aqua purio*. And the few thousands who noted her seductive, babylike smile, as he went in with a loud splash, and Kino's and all, knew intuitively that she was revelling in a maiden's sweet revenge."

S. EVENTS.

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THE CHUMMIES' CHAUNT.

[It is reported that certain legislation is afoot which is likely to cripple the chimney sweeping interest.]



Wot chance has we our grub to reap
If interlopers sully creep!
And so no wonder us chummies weep
As we goes about
(At present) to shout
"Swee-eeep! Swee-eeep!"

"SWE-EEEP! Swee-eeep!"
That's the cry that I daily
keep;
But now while I am "crying"
I weep.
And all on account of a thing
wot's steep—
A certing law, which 'ud
make us creep
Away from our craft like
bloomin' sheep.
Proposed by them Parlia-
ment coves wot's deep,
Who gets their livin' a lump
too cheap,
And don't have to shout,
When going about,
"Swee-eeep! Swee-eeep!"

"Swee-eeep! Swee-eeep!"
With a nice clean sweep
would they make a
leap.
And never more give us a
chance to peep
At that purfession by which
we keep
Our wives—and, p'raps, of
kids a heap.

THAT ADVERTISEMENT.

AUGUSTUS REGINALD WHITLEYER was heartily tired of that state of existence commonly described as "single blessedness." "Single cussedness," Augustus rather happily designated it, and among ye who have been the prey of grasping landladies, have anticipated your fingers during the agonizing process of sewing on buttons, darned your own socks and performed the hundred other little operations which the happy Benedict knows only in name—who among ye, I repeat, will blame him? So Augustus Reginald was in search of a wife; but, alas! for the success of his quest, he was particular, stupidly fastidiously particular. The highly genteel neighbourhood in which he resided abounded in eligible maidens of all ages from the giddy just-left schoolgirl of eighteen to the mild little dutterer of seven-and-thirty. Many of these damsels were who would have accepted Augustus Reginald, few who did not cast more or less killing glances at him, and mentally wished they knew the exact amount of his income; for he was goodly to look upon, wore an alluring smile and sixteen and six-penny trousers that never bagged at the knees. But Augustus Reginald sought not to find favour in their eyes; not one really satisfied him, all had their faults—faults which in Mrs. Whitleyer, he felt, could be unbearable. Augustus Reginald liked fair girls, but all the fair girls had blue or grey eyes, and he detested "laughing brown," then, again, all the damsels possessed of the latter thing had optics of dark hair, and Augustus Reginald couldn't stand. There were heaps of other annoying uses: the good tempered girls were ugly, the pretty ones ill-humoured, whilst the lowly perfect ones were—argued. In despair, Augustus Reginald advertised, and his modest wants fully appeared. "A tall, fair haired, dark red lady, not over 22, of good family and first class education; musical, with moderate income, and perfectly domesticated." Three days after the appearance of his advertisement he called at the newspaper office with a sack. They handed him one letter, he was annoyed, astonished; but he made an appointment with the writer, and went forth full of expectation to meet her. She was already there, a radiant vision of loveliness in white poplin and lace. Augustus Reginald raised his hat with distant politeness; but she greeted him effusively—nay, more, would have embraced him. Here was a fix; how was he to escape? In vain he questioned her. "She was all his advertisement asked," she asserted. Stay!—her hair, 'twas dark. Augustus Reginald jumped at the excuse. "Madam," he said, "—er—er—er—are eligible—er—in every way, but I particularly stated that applicant should be fair haired and—"



"Oh! don't let that worry you, old chap," she responded, gaily, "I can bally soon alter that. Give me a couple of days, and I'll be as golden haired as—"

But Augustus Reginald had fled. He is still single, and assures that, sooner than advertise again, he will for ever remain so.

GIRLS OF THE "FRIV."

No. 49.—MINNIE THORRINGTON.

WHILE, like some splendid rose in bloom,
From out her tiny dressing room
She stepped the other night,
Right up to Minnie ran her Chief,
All trembling like an aspen leaf,
His face cadaverous white.
"Look here, Miss Minnie!" low he spake,
As she prepared her turn to take,
"By working hard for me
You've earned some 'bonus' brass, my friend,
So here's a ten-pound note to spend.
Go, have an evening's spree!"

She took the tip, she took the note,
Yet such unlooked-for kindness smote
Her with electric shocks.
She wotted not that, while he eyed
His audience o'er, her boss had spied
Gus Harris in a box,
And muttered, turning faint with fear,
"Old Drury must not see or hear
My Minnie-gem, or he
Will hire her, at a big, big wage,
To grace his celebrated stage,
And ruined I shall be!"



CAN'T YOU?

SOME scientific party has discovered that wheat will grow twice as fast when exposed to the electric light. We have had a little experience of wild oats exposed to the illumination of the gas, and can quite believe this statement.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

28 EAST PRESTON STREET, EDINBURGH,
May 18th, 1892.

DEAR ALLY.—The other day, while cheerfully wandering about in the graveyard at Melrose Abbey, my attention was attracted by a small, weather-beaten tombstone of apparently more than a century's standing. There was nothing very remarkable about the shape or design of the tombstone; indeed, a plainer one could not well be imagined; but there was a something which kept me standing there gazing at its nearly worn-out epitaph—a something which hypnotised me for the moment, as I repeated Gray's immortal words—

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre," etc., etc.

The whole of the inscription was gone except one mysterious word, which alone had defied Father Time in his efforts to crumble it to the earth. That word was "Allye." "What!" said I to myself, "has it fallen to me to occupy the proud position of discoverer of the hitherto unknown resting place of one of the Friends of Man's ancestors?" Visions of sudden greatness and the "Award of Merit" at once clouded my elated brain, and I determined to write you on the subject. Is there anything in it? And can you trace your ancestors so far back as this?

Yours anxiously, W. RICHARDSON.

LONDON ROAD, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, May 21st, 1892.

DEAR MISS SLOPER,—I hope this year, when you commence your summer tour, you will put Tunbridge Wells on the list. It is just beginning to look splendid. This year we are to have a Cricket Week (July 25th to 31st). If you would like an illustrated history, etc., of the town, just put a line in the "To Correspondents," and I will forward one. Hoping to see your face on the Panties this summer, I remain yours truly, GEORGE.

P.S.—Tell the Old Man, F.O.M., not to forget to have a look in at the old firm when he comes.

SLOPER'S VAGARIES.

No. 116.—HE BACKS THE WINNER.

THE neck of the Wreck, as they past him shot,
Was craned like a lanky giraffe's, to spot
Which racer would first, of the noble lot,
To the jockey's Elysium in go;
And, as soon as the board was upheaved, the shout
That the Wreck from ferruginous lungs let out
Could be heard from the Downs to the Strand, no doubt,
"I have backed the winner, by Jingo!"

Seven hundred friends of the Fraud had come
To the Downs that day; and with stout and rum,
With Sillery, shandy, Moselle and Munum,
Yea, with gin and the primest stingo,
He primed the lot in most princely sort,
And he bade 'em on Thursday their frames transport
To a sumptuous dinner at Mildew Court—
"For I've backed the winner, by Jingo!"

As the Worm went back to his fair abode,
He drank at each pub, on the long, drear road,
Till his nose, with unusual tippling, glowed
Like the form of the red flamingo;
And to all the roughs in those beer-kens found
Huge pots of "four" he sent curling round.
"Drink deep, boys, deep to the Mildew Mound,
For he's backed the winner, by Jingo!"

Arrived at his home, to his wife he said,
"I feared that wot'd have to remain in bed
Until Whitsun passed; but the doubt has fled!
We can now, with no end of tin, go
To the land where the cypreses and myrtle grow,
Or the land where the mountains are capped with snow,
Or the land where the laced streamlets flow,
For I've backed the winner, by Jingo!"

And the lady caressed her old man with glee,
And "Sweet ALLY, how much have you won?" said she.
Then, made sober at once by that question, he
Began, in most frightful lingo,
To call himself dotard and dole and ass!
... In his frenzy of triumph—now—er—er—er—
He'd forgot from the bookie to gather the brass
Which he'd won on the winner, by Jingo!

FREE EDUCATION AGAIN.

OH, Free Education, we have much to thank thee for! It seems that in the Board Schools now they not only teach them naval architecture, solo whist, qualitative chemical analysis, physical geography, acoustics, plane and solid geometry, hothouse or horticultural spoof, but vegetable anatomy and the flight of time. Said Angelina Claude Ethel Rockrooster, who was born in May, to her cousin, Gladys Rachael Euphemia Slubgullion, "Ya—ar, I wouldn't be born in April, and 'specially on the Fust."
"Oh! wouldn't you?" retorted Gladys Rachael Euphemia Slubgullion, who felt the stab acutely. "Well, p'raps you'd be surprised to know as the Hemptress o' Russia, as well as me, was born on the Fust o' April, so there!"
"Ah! but she don't count," sneered Angelina Claude Ethel Rockrooster, more spitefully than ever, "and so you'd see if you wasn't so orful ignorant. You ain't allowed for the difference in time. The Fust of April here is the Second in Russia, so the Hemptress wasn't born till the day arter. Yah!"

MAGGIE MURPHY'S MOAN.

"PACK up, miss," said my master,
"For business slack has grown!"
And, crushed by this disaster,
I'm on a sick-bed thrown.
But, oh! his eyes would glisten
With tears, his heart of stone
Would melt, if he could listen
To Maggie Murphy's moan!
My poor old feeble mother
Is worn and wan and bent;
I've neither dad nor brother
To earn our humble rent.
Where now those evenings pleasant?
Where now the organ's tone?
There's naught to hear at present
Save Maggie Murphy's moan!
By earthly friends forsaken,
To Heaven I make my plea
That quickly heavenward taken
My mother dear may be.
For, when she's gone, I'm certain
That Death will hear my groan,
And, pitying, drop the curtain
On Maggie Murphy's moan!

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

Q. Distinguish briefly between a rain cask and the milk supplied to SLOPER. A. Water-butt; but water.
WHY is No. 333 Strand like a sty with a diminutive pig in it?—Because it's Short's-wine House.
THE "Point" of Death: Azrael directing his bony finger towards his victim.
WHEN the Fuddled Muddler is half drunk, why is the letter R like soda-water?—Cos it makes ALLY rally.

SLOPER'S SELECT LIBRARY.

THE DEMON UMBRELLA.
(A TALE OF DIABLERIE.)

CHAPTER XV.

TEN minutes after George Augustus Brown had left his lodgings, a youth in a greasy cap, short hair, an airy coat, which flapped briskly in the breeze, and a general air of Holloway Homoeopathic around him, floated into the street. Speedily he saw the lodging-house door slightly ajar. He looked at it for a moment, and then remarked—
"I'll see if Robertson lives here."



Then he pushed open the door a little bit further and glanced round the bare lobby. There was nothing liftable in it, except an ivory handled Umbrella at the corner. The youth lifted it carefully, and might have penetrated further into the house; but, as he heard a footstep approaching from the sunk kitchen, he apparently lost interest in the subject of Robertson, and became indifferent in regard to his whereabouts, as he did not wait to ask if he was on the premises, but departed, taking with him the ivory handled Umbrella.

In course of a quarter of an hour a youth, bearing an ivory handled Umbrella, was in a second hand clothes dealers' shop, behind the counter of which was a gentleman with a decidedly Hebraic cast of countenance, who was trying to beat the other down.
"Make it art a crown," the youth was saying.
"Sheep me, Jacob, I won't! Give you a shilling, if you'll take it."
"Make it two bob."
"One and three," said the Hebrew.
"A bob and a bender, Shadrack, dear, if you love me," appealed the youth.
"Well, well, there it ish; but, s'help me, Jacob, I'll lose on it!"

And the ivory handled Umbrella, with its beering smile, was hand-d over the counter and stored away amid a pile of common-place ginghams.

"Fire!"
Old women and old men scurried into shop doorways. Wildly the shrill shriek of the fire-engine men's whistles sounded in the air. The horses' feet rang on the hard stones and the fire flashed from their heels as they wheeled round the corner of a street and stopped abruptly at a second hand dealer's stores, where dark smoke was gushing out from door and window.

Wildly an ancient Jew tore his hair and swore in a fine mellow brand of Hebrew profanity. Nimble the fire brigade carried a hand-pump from the ladder-carriage, and in a few minutes intimated to all and sundry that the fire was out. The ancient Jew rushed into a corner, where lay the remains of a lot of umbrellas, began to examine the damage, and declared that he would claim two hundred pounds, while the foreman of the brigade blandly wrote down, "Extent of damage, £5."

The keen observer, had he looked skyward, might have seen a very curiously shaped cloud of smoke, which still hovered over the housetops. When it emerged from the doorway of the second hand dealer's shop, it was practically undefined, but, as it got scope, it gained in shape. Those who noticed the cloud declared that it looked like a grotesque caricature of a human head, and that it had a singularly malevolent and cynical smile. Gradually it expanded and became thinner and thinner, till at last it dissolved entirely in the surrounding ether, and was seen no more.

Nor was the Demon Umbrella ever seen again. Peter Crawley Simpson supposed his cousin had carried it off to America with him, but we know he did not. Whence it came was a mystery, and how it had acquired its evil power is equally a mystery. On the night of the fire, however, influenza made its first appearance in Britain. Can it be that the epidemic is due to the malign influence of that Demon Umbrella? Ask Mrs. Besant, who understands Theosophy; or Mr. W. T. Stead, who knows about Real Ghosts; or ask a policeman, but don't ask us, for we don't know.

THE END.



THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 258.—MR. H. POTTINGER STEPHENS, F.O.S.
 "Pottinger Stephens is one of those individuals whom one can never understand. To see him, you would think he was a Methodist preacher; to hear him talk, you would fancy he was a bookmaker; while, to see him drink, one could almost imagine that he is an empty cistern. Pot has only been known to swear twice—the first time as a youngster when he was breeched, and the second time was when he on one occasion accidentally backed the winner of the Derby and got 'welshed' for his pains. Our hero was educated at a good school, but never learnt much, except to toss for sherry and water, lollipops and other delicacies. Before he was seven, he swore he was over that age, and was quite believed owing to his cute expression of countenance. Pot knows how to box, how to write and how to eat, and in either accomplishment can give any amateur points and a licking. He is married and is proud of the fact, and believes that to connubial bliss is his success as a journalist due. Has children, and is sometimes glad of the fact, and sometimes sorry. Chiefly because he is a shining light in journalism, our hero was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him November 14th, 1885.—*Debbert Improved.*



Local Dogberry. Now, then, what are ye doin' here in St. Peter's Churchyard, eh?
 Tramp. Ef ye plaze, I'm lookin' if I can find a livin', sure that's all.



Voices from above. Although you're my husband and a policeman, think I cares for yer?



Good gracious! now, what can this stir be?
 Well, without aid of whip, spur or curb, he
 Was winning the game
 When the Derby dog came
 And quite spoilt his chance in the Derby.

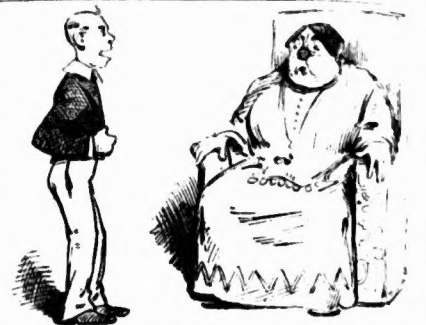
A LITTLE MISTAKE.



Old Lady. If you gentlemen will move up a little, poor dear Nellie can rest here for a little while.
 First Swell. There's plenty of room for your daughter between us.
 Old Lady. My daughter? Why, man, I'm alluding to my dog.



A CHEEKY CHAP.



Auntie. I can tell you, Johnnie, although I don't look it, I am under fifty.
 Johnnie. Stones, Auntie.

NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKED.



(1). Swellmob Bill (to Artful 'Arry). "Hut! Look at that bumpkin! It 'ud be downright wicked to miss a chance like that. You go and get him in tow, and we'll work him with the old trick."—(2). The "Bumpkin." "Waal, no; Oi'm afeared as Oi can't direct yer, surr. Yer sec, Oi be a stranger in these 'ere parts, tuc." Artful 'Arry. Never mind, sir, come and have a drink along with me, and we'll find out at the pub, eh?"—(3). But the amount of liquor that Yokel lowered down his neck at 'Arry's expense made that artful one look rather blue.—(4). At length, however, Swellmob Bill, who had just come in for a fortune, as usual, happened to drop in.

'Arry introduced him, and, after that, they were all the best of friends.—(5). The two "Lunnon gents" insisted on intrusting the countryman, who seemed to be three sheets in the wind, with their watches just to go round the corner with, to show their confidence in him, he agreeing to subsequently show his faith in them in the same manner.—(6). "He, he!" chuckled the "bumpkin" as soon as he was safely round the corner and trotting comfortably down the road. "Now to lumber these tickers at the first leaving shop. One don't often happen across a prime pair of mugs like that at the same time. Trapped 'em beautifully. He, he, he!"

GIRLS SLOPER'S KISSED.



No. 12.—Janet.

ADVICE GRATIS.



"When you roll your umbrella in the street never mind about other people. If some vindictive coward breaks your head for you, you can have him up."

HARD ON THE BOULEVARDER.



Brown. Where are you from, chappie?
 Little Smith (singing his French). Laundry.
 Brown. Then, tell your mother to send my shirts.